R.I.P.
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LYRIC

AND

ELEGIAC PIECES.

BRITISH MUSEUM

POETIC TRIFLES.

IN TRIVIIS.

VIRGIL.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

LYRIC AND ELEGIAC PIECES.

*ODE TO THE IZALSALŸA.**

I.

To savage war while Europe rang,
Mid sinking Rome the trump's shrill clang
Inspir'd the Vandal's rage:
Lo Gaul, the flag of death unfurl'd,
Shapes her pale course o'er half the world:
See the Czar's mighty throne, firm-bas'd for many an age.

* My readers well remember Mr. Bruce's description of the *Zimb*, or *Izalsalÿa*, which Isaiah mentions as inhabiting "the uttermost parts of the rivers of Ægypt," and as "the "bee, that is in the land of Assyria." This insect is still terrible to those and the neighbouring countries: and, from Isaiah's days to the period of Mr. Bruce's travels, there have passed at least 2,500 years.

II.

Yet e'en an inſect bears dismay
And famine, where it wings its way,
More dreadful than an host!
And its dominion hath ſurpass'd
Man's widest empire—doom'd to last
Thro' a long lapse of years no human sceptres boaſt!

III.

Yes! "when the Lord ſhall hiss for thee,
"Fly of Assyria"—"for the bee
"That in the rocks doth rest;"
The plains ſhall tremble at the sound,
The shivering woods remurmur round,
The cities, still with fear, pause at the dire behest.

IV.

Fell Izalsalÿa! Tho' amaze
Thro' India's groves behold the blaze
Which agitates the night;
Yet the * fulgora, as it fires
The extensive forest-gloom, inspires
No terror ſuch as marks thy pestilential flight.

* Or firefly.

V.

V.

What tho' the angel of the north
Hath pour'd an insect * myriad forth,
Fair Europe's form to blast,
While, shrouding deep the sun's red ball,
A heavy darkness hung o'er all;
Yet from thy power alone faint nature shrinks aghast.

VI.

O thou, whose livid wings of gauze,
While pointed bristles arm thy jaws,
Are mid thy myriads spread;
Strait, at their rattling, as the car
Heard from the mountain-tops afar,
The frenzied herds snort round, and fly thy † horselike head.

VII.

Appal'd, the fierce rhinoceros stands,
And vainly notes the distant sands,
Then hails his tawny foe:
In union, by the water's edge,
They urge their way, thro' matted sedge,
And roll their bulky limbs, where brooks the fen o'erflow.

* The grylus migratorius.

† The head of the Izalsalÿa resembles that of a horse.

VIII.

Lo, chill'd by thee, Melinda's race,
And Saba's change their custom'd place,
And all the nations move
Before thee, gathering in affright,
And, wing'd from Abyssinia's height,
Down the long-streaming Nile, to other regions rove.

IX.

For thee, the wild-descending hail
Whirl'd thro' the sulphur'd thunder pale
The furrows smote in vain;
For thee the ambassador of God
O'er shuddering Egypt stretch'd the rod,
And bade thee darken round, and desolate the plain.

X.

'Twas thus the Almighty's dread design,
No waste of arms should rival thine,
Since wars on earth began:
'Twas thus the Almighty's will, thy sway,
Enduring still, tho' crowns decay,
Should mock imperial pomp, and shame the pride of man.

A SWISS SCENE.

I.

WHERE long, long vallies of eternal ice,
Within the hollows of the mountain gleam;
And, glaz'd with frost, the shaggy precipice
Hangs o'er the dashing of the torrent-stream
That spreads its foam, then far beneath the beam
Of the pale sun, deep frets its cavern'd way;
Here the Swiss wooes his pine-woods, tho' they seem
To darken their brown foliage, and display
Their cones, in sullen pomp, to the dim-struggling day.

II.

Here, if a wanderer, as array'd in light
Sudden a glaciere meets his charmed eyes,
Muse on the congelation, glittering bright,
Or tinctur'd with the rainbow's transient dyes;
Sudden, the surges of the vapour rise
O'er all the illumin'd landskape's beauteous glow:
And, shivering 'mid the horrour of the skies,
He marks immeasurable tracts of snow,
Shook by the wrathful roar of clouds that burst below.

III.

And see the lonely traveller's weary feet
Pursue his path along the mountain's side:
His burning cheeks are pierc'd by arrowy sleet,
Slow as he climbs where ruins threaten wide.
But lo! his smoking cot at length descry'd,
He fondly pictures the parental kiss,
Quickening his eager pace—when strait divide
The snows in hollow thunder!—scarce the abyss
He 'scapes, once more to taste the dear domestic bliss!

IV.

Yet the Swiss loves his chasmy-fractur'd steep;
Yet loves his dusky woods, tho' cold and drear,
And the rough roads that round his mountain sweep:
Yet, as the sombrous torrents soothe his ear,
Wild-hanging o'er the craggy point, how dear
His simple hut! 'Tis there he breasts the gale,
Furrowing his fields; nor, 'mid his genial cheer,
Heeds, tho' high floods the mountain-base assail,
The enormous mass of snow that overwhelms the vale.

A SCOTCH

A SCOTCH SCENE.

I.

THE breath of Zephyr scarcely stirs
The impervious gloom of yonder firs:
White points of shiver'd rock emerge
From the still darkness, at the verge
Of evening's smooth empurpled lake:
But hark! what sounds the woodland shake?
The rush of eagle wings! Behold,
She cleaves yon westering cloud of gold,
Mounts the dim azure of the sky,
And soars to daze the straining eye.
Yet, sudden as the lightning-glare,
She plunges down the depth of air,
Wheels dizzily around, and drops
At distance, 'mid the dusky copse.

II.

Now on a crag I see her perch,
And pierce the glen with keener search.
I view her tawny plumes, her beak,
Her talons, that their fury wreak

Oft

Oft on the fawn, or friendless hare;
I mark her hov'ring in mid air!
Some animal that shrinks dismay'd
Amid the thickets of the glade,
She threatens with an instant blow—
See, see, she pounces on a roe;
And, screaming, bears it thro' the wood,
To feast her ravenous young with blood,
Where on rock-ledges rudely pil'd,
She sternly fram'd her eyrie wild!

DUNHEVED: AN ODE;

WRITTEN ON A TOUR THROUGH CORNWALL, IN 1794;
THE FRENCH THREATENING AN INVASION.

I.

THE beamless sun went down the sky,
And, sinking as a ball of blood,
Ting'd with a deep funereal dye,
Thro' sullen mists, the murky wood.

II.

Across Dunheved's frowning steep,
By fits, the pale moon flings a ray;
When sudden round its ruins sweep
The clouds that veil'd the dying day.

III.

Lo, where the castle windows roar
To the wild murmurs of the blast,
Lightening their ivy-curtains hoar,
Mid the dim air a spectre past—

IV.

Dunheved's genius!—He appears
Featur'd with woe. "Here, here," (he cries)
As his gigantic form he rears,
"My adamantine helmet lies.

V.

V.

" Here, buried round the charmed casque,
" Behold my mailed warriours sleep !
" 'Twas theirs, where toil and valour ask
" The martial arm, renown to reap.

VI.

" Where hosts assailing, aim'd the blow,
" Their swords they hasten'd to embrace :
" Alas ! while scowls the insulting foe,
" Why lingers now the Cornish race ?

THE

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN PATRIOT CONTRASTED, 1795.

SAY, while the menaces of ruffian France
Mingled with execrations, o'er the surge
Come wafted, as invading hosts advance;
Shall patriots, with an air of triumph urge
The cause of miscreants, pointing to the verge
Of fate, where *Albion* they condemn to sink?
What prowess could have bade old Greece emerge
From death, or Rome escape perdition's brink,
If patriots for her foes had fram'd the brother-link?

Ardent, in elder times, the Patriot wrench'd
From fell sedition's fangs, the mangled laws,
And cities with the blood of traitours drench'd,
And shook his helmet-plumage to applause!
Thus Sparta's heroes, bold in freedom's cause,
Exulted to the flashing of the spear:
Thus Curtius plung'd into the gulphy jaws
Of death: nor less to Roman valour dear,
The Decii's noble fires delight the ingenuous ear.

Still

Still was the midnight camp. To dye the dust
Ere morn, with torrents of the Latian blood,
Great Decius lay—when sudden, more august
Than human, a majestic spectre stood,
And thus, in hollow accents—"Tho' a flood
Of vulgar gore the hostile fields distain,
Still gath'ring horrours o'er thy country brood!
Unless a gasping leader bite the plain,
Vain were the lifted sword, the warriour frenzy vain."

The hero heard; and calm, himself fore-doom'd
The victim: and, tho' haunted silence hush'd
The world, no terrours o'er his spirit gloom'd:
But, as the murky shades yet linger'd, flusht
With fires that lighten'd thro' his soul, he rush'd
Into the field of fight. His godlike force
Markt with dismay, and thick battalions crusht
Beneath the bath'd hoofs of his foaming horse,
Amid pale shrinking foes, he fell a mighty corse!

By

By the same fires impell'd, in battling strife,
The son, too, courted the renown of death;
Nor less the grandson, prodigal of life,
Dar'd, at the trumpet's blast, his blade unsheathe,
And snatch, from grateful Rome, the ensanguin'd wreath
Of glory. Thro' the ranks amazement ran;
Tho' thousands, urg'd by fate, resign'd their breath,
Yet, as each Patriot flam'd amidst the van,
His country tower'd with pride, and hail'd him more than man.

Say, then, what traits the *British* Patriot mark?
How are the virtues of *his* bosom known?
He smothers up his feelings, frowning dark—
Feelings, a dastard wretch, he dreads to own;
And tells of brooding ills, in sullen tone!
But if his country some dire loss alarm,
He vaunts the insulting smile when others groan;
And, were his valu'd self secure from harm,
Would grasp the traitorous steel, and boast the assassin's arm!

THE

THE DISTREST COTTAGE.

THE horse-shoe at the wicket, to protect
The cot from mumbling witch; the sanded floor,
The hearth with kettle wrapt in turfy blaze;
The board of goodly oak, by frequent bruſh
Worn smooth; and ditties quaint, to grace the wall,
Ditties set off by pictures, where grim ghosts
Stalk in vermilion—such were pleasing once:
Yet more delightful was the smiling groupe
Of ruddy boys, and girls in russet clad,
Whom I have mark'd, as thrifty Dinah cook'd
Their evening meal, expecting the fond sire—
But *Anna* chief, now scarcely in her teens,
Her bosom panting high, her glowing cheek
Sunbrown, and mellow as the catharine pear!

Yes! I have mark'd the little blooming groupe
Hailing with smiles their sire; as now reliev'd
From labour, he to Harry's eager glance
Display'd the sable chough, whose legs and bill

Boast

Boast a bright saffron, or for scampering Dick
Brought home the lark's brown eggs, full soon to join
The pale-blue sparrow's, in long order strung;
Or now, on Sunday-clothes, and *Henry's* geer
Bran-new but the last Sabbath, archly pros'd;
While, as he look'd askance, the damsel hung
Her head, as droops the rosebud wet with rain:
And, as its freshen'd leaves, the rain o'erpast,
She rais'd her eye! But ah! the rosebud oft,
Snapt by a sudden hail-shower, fades and dies!

Her *Henry* was untrue. A maid, whose veins
Thro' her pellucid skin soft azure gleam'd,
Had snar'd him by her more seducing charms.
'Twas from the curate's lips aloud proclaim'd
The dire intelligence that stamp'd him false,
Poor *Anna* heard; while her dim'd eye no more
Trac'd, in her secret pew the page that soothes
With rites mysterious, the fond virgin sigh!
Now in her cot, bereft of hope, she pines;
While, as her little sisters, full of talk,
Sport at her knees, they point the inviting broth,

And wonder why, enrich'd with marygold
And the green leek, its savoury steams are
vain!
Poor prattlers! they are strangers yet to love.

THE

THE HALCYONS.

LO, where the gentle halcyons plume
Their azure wings amid the gloom
That, breaking, rolls far east away,
And gives the glistening surge to day.
Behold the wrathful foam subside,
And soft airs curl the ripling tide;
While, tranquil as the waters flow,
They mock the mirror's lucid glow.
And as the wave, now vex'd no more,
Glides, amorous on, to kiss the shore,
I see upon its heaving breast,
Sweet birds! your little genial nest:
Thus, when the storms of ether cease,
They leave us love, as well as peace.

THE BANISHED POET.

SINE ME, LIBER, IBIS IN URBEM!

I.

TO tuneful Ovid, exil'd from his home
Thy sweetest numbers, elegy, we owe—
Those strains that soften'd his severer doom;
As fancy, to relieve the eye of woe,
Spread o'er his retrospect a vivid glow.
Yet, in his lonely walks, he wont to mourn!
" Ah my poor book (he cries) thou—thou wilt go,
" Without thy master, to the city borne,
" Unconscious of thy fate, while here I rove forlorn."

II.

'Tis thus, far banisht from the chosen few
Whose converse once could lull my cares to rest,
Whose friendship brought elysium to my view—
The harmony that links in love the blest;
Here, in this solitude I sooth my breast
With traces fervid from the muse's pen:
Yet, by the weight of dire ennui opprest,
Tho' my songs " flutter thro' the mouths of men,"
I hear nor praise, nor blame amid the silent glen.

POETIC

POETIC TWILIGHT,

WHILE in sweet warbled notes the red-
breasts sing
To eve's pale ſhadow, and on solemn wing
The grey owl sails along, the fading face
Of nature wears a melancholy grace.
But lo, on yonder streamlet's dimwood banks,
Sudden the fairies rise in fiery ranks,
And, glancing to the moon, their circlets link;
Then, fainting from the eye of fancy, sink
Into the dusky dell. And now cold fear
Sees the deep-labouring cloud its burthen bear
Down chasmed crags, as from the moorland far
Whistles the gale;—when, quenching the ſoft
star
Of Hesper, in slow rounds fell wizards turn,
And bid to mutter'd spells the drugs of magic
burn.

ELIZA's URN.

HERE, while her parents o'er the pensive urn
Pay the last honours to the shade they mourn;
I trace the young Eliza, as she flew
From a false world, whose arts she never knew.
But what avails the sweetly-warbled strain,
Where fairy fancy, musically-vain,
Tinctures the pale urn with the morning ray,
Or the still blush of dim-declining day;
While round its pedestal soft florets glow,
And breathe ambrosial incense as they blow?
Say, will the eye of sorrow smile serene,
As fiction rears the visionary scene?
No—to relieve the friend's afflicted breast,
Point the pure spirit in the realms of rest;
And tell him, vanish'd ev'ry earthly care,
His kindred soul shall meet Eliza there!

MONODY

MONODY ON THE AUTHOR's VISITING HIS PATERNAL SEAT.

SALVE SANCTE PARENS! ANIMÆQUE UMBRÆQUE PATERNÆ!

I.

YE groves, whose ivy-curtain'd trees
Embower'd my infant years;
Ere care had charg'd with sighs the breeze,
Or grief shed bitter tears!
Ye lov'd paternal landscapes, hail,
The thyme-ſprent hill, the fescued dale,
The pathway gleaming thro' the glade,
Where once wide open'd to the light
Yon mantled pool, a mirror bright
Beside the chesnut shade.

II.

Yet there the little gurgling rill
Its pebbly channel shows;
To speak the master's fortune still,
An emblem as it flows.
And round the briar-grown islet rise
Hoar aspins that uplift in sighs
Their leaves, to soothe my pilgrim ear!
Ah happy scenes, where light and gay
My childish steps were wont to stray—
Ah scenes to fancy dear!

III.

Yes! ye are dear, if local charm
Can touch the pensive heart;
Where, once in duteous ardour warm,
Our fond connexions part!
While filial piety and love
Have power the beating breast to move,
While pale regret delights to mourn;
The vestal tear shall oft bedew
My cheek, as memory brings to view
A parent's holy urn.

IV.

When my soul hovers o'er the past,
His anxious care I see——
His love, that, long as life can last,
Shall still be trac'd in me.
He gave to innocence and truth
The unfolding blooms of early youth;
And by his own pure model taught,
That 'tis in virtue to bestow
Such tranquil pleasure as the glow
Of rubies never bought.

V.

Alas! in these familiar fields
Can sad remembrance fade,
When every spot some relic yields;
Some lesson every shade?
Beneath yon limes, whose letter'd bark
The names of schoolboy friendship mark,
He pointed my aspiring views;
And cherish'd, where fantastic gleam
The beech-roots thro' the crisped stream
My young ingenuous muse.

VI.

But cold those lips, and ashy-pale;
And, fainting from my view,
The colours of the vernal vale
Are cold in fancy, too!
Yet here, before my tranced eyes,
Of other days the visions rise,
And, as ascending from the tomb,
The phantoms of my fathers glide,
Re-visiting, in stoled pride,
The white-moss-glimmering gloom.

VII.

VII.

But go, ye vain illusions, go!—
  Romantic shapes that lure
To where ambition leads to woe,
  To woe ye cannot cure.
Haply, from life's sequester'd way
My humbler wish, untaught to stray,
  May guide me to some lone retreat—
How blest if Heaven my evening close
Gild with the radiance of repose
  In thee, paternal seat!

CANZONES AND SONNETS,

OCCASIONED BY THE

AMOURS OF MONTAUBAN.

CANZONES AND SONNETS.

CANZONE.

MONTAUBAN TO MISS EMILIA —— HIS FIRST LOVE.

" IN ancient days, great Jove, to show
" To gazing mortals here below,
" The loves, the virtues, and the graces,
" Was forc'd to form *three* female faces.
" But, so improv'd his art divine,
" In one fair female now they shine!
" Aloud I hear a reader cry:
" Lord, to the poet! what a lie!
" Now, as I hate the name of lyar,
" Matchless *Emilia!* I desire
" You'll see this unbelieving Jew,
" And *prove* that all I've said is *true.*"

SONNET.

SONNET.

TO MONTAUBAN, ON HIS INSIDIOUS ADDRESSES TO EMILIA.

"O THOU FALSE TONGUE!"

IF language be the glory of our race,
Tis only when it flows, devoid of art:
Alas! if specious it belie the heart,
Its richest eloquence is man's disgrace.
Go, mark the pigeon with his mate, and trace
The expressive sounds that genuine love impart.
Go to the chattering sparrow: hear him scold
His bride, tho' skittish, a coquet so pert:
E'en now those rooks a clamourous parley hold
In oratorial gestures all alert:
And lo that bird, whose plumes are sprent with gold,
Warbles on yonder laurel, to divert
From care his consort nestling o'er her young!
Such—such are strains unknown to false Montauban's tongue!

SONNET.

SONNET.

TO EMILIA, DESERTED BY MONTAUBAN.

FORBEAR, my charming girl, forbear to grieve,
Nor give the softneſs of thy soul to tears!
No—rather triumph that his wrongs relieve
Thy breast from wavering doubts and anxious fears.
Tho' he whose vows deceiv'd thy gentle heart
Bade thee from perjur'd lips the last adieu;
Ere long, a kindred bosom shall impart
Its soothing sighs to sweet Emilia true!
For, trust the muse, tho' the cold world may frown
On those who cherish loves, delicious fires;
Yet are there some, who still unblushing own
The nameless joys that sentiment inspires.
And, where pure native sense and feeling join,
That heart must beat in unison with thine.

CANZONE.

CANZONE.

VINCENT'S FAREWELL TO JULIA *

" ADIEU, dear Julia, (Vincent cries,)
" My charming girl, adieu!
" Those drops that tremble in your eyes,
" I'm sure, bespeak you true!
" Yet, yet beware the treacherous art
" Which circumvents your youth—
" I dread that openness of heart,
" That unsuspecting truth.
" Alas! when last may-morn, I spied
" Your bosom in a glow;
" He only stole a kiss"—you cried,
" Why frown, my Vincent, so?"
" But when far distant I am gone,
" Far o'er the stormy sea;
" Think, if again you meet Sir John,
" Those lips were made for me."

* See *note* to " the Flight of Montauban."

CANZONE.

CANZONE.

MONTAUBAN TURN'D CASUIST.

YET of ingenuous shame, to raise a blush
Upon his face, was left a little spice
Which thither bade the ruby fountain rush,
When folks, not over-delicate or nice,
Thought fit to comment on a certain vice—
Seduction, Sirs, I mean, not fornication,
Which is no vice in people of high station.
Now burning like a gouty toe in flannel,
His conscious cheeks were colour'd in a trice.
" Heavens! such a whisper is enough to fan hell!
" Have I seduc'd the girl? God knows, so willing,
" The girl was ever prone to billing!
" Was it my fault, if baring all her charms,
" She rush'd into my arms?"

CANZONE.

THE BARE BOSOM OF 1794.

" σηθεσι φαινομενοις."

" 'TIS said our modern females are quite
Eves:
" Who but the similarity perceives?
" Our mother half conceal'd her nudity—
" Like them, she hid her waist tho' with fig-
leaves,
" But left her bosom bare to every eye.
" Yet there's a difference. Eve her hips and
waist
" Cover'd, when first acquainted with de-
corum:
" E'en then, it seems, she look'd shamefac'd,
" As if too thin an apron was before 'em.
" Our practice is far otherwise. Behold
" The British females once so chaste
" In the desertion of decorum bold,
" Have thrown aside the kerchiefs of the
breast!
" And soon, as in pure nakedness confest
" They

" They show the snowy lustre of their skin,
" A bit of gauze may veil, not hide the seat
of sin!"

CANZONE.

" SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS."

" SUCH (says Montauban) are the sapient saws
" Of those who trample upon fashion's laws!
" But if our mother Eve display'd the pattern
" Of this same demidress;
" Twas in her fallen state, when, grown a slattern,
" She hung her head for consciousness!
" Her imitators, also, I conceive,
" Are of themselves as much asham'd, as Eve!
" But you my *Julia*, in my eyes,
" Rival the spotless Eve in Paradise;
" When *simplex*, my dear girl, *munditiis*,
" You come prepar'd to meet my wishes!
" Then too, while you resemble madam,
" I emulate the purity of Adam.
" For, like the happy pair, while yet unblam'd,
" We are both naked and are not asham'd!"

SONNET.

SONNET.

THE SEAT OF MONTAUBAN.

CLOWDRON! thy groves, the sun descending bright
Amid the stillness of the deep serene
Seem slowly rising in a gloomier green
Shade after shade, to evening's amber light!
And now they kindle, where the crisped leaves
Let in the last red radiance of the day.
But lo! where yonder oak, for ages grey,
Flings his huge branches mid coeval trees:
With sudden swell the extensive foliage heaves!
Yet whispers not a solitary breeze!
Ah! twas some gliding form that brush'd the vale:
Across the glade I saw a shivering gleam.
Or was it not the moon that glanc'd a beam
Thro' the dark wood, on parting twilight pale?

SONNET.

THE SHADES OF HIS ANCESTORS,

No—twas the glimmering from a steely mail—
I see the passing helmet's sable plume;
As to the yellow splendours that illume
The concave of the necromantic dale,
Dim spectre forms in slow procession sail!
But lo! above the rest, a shape assume
A statelier port; while his loose garments trail
Their many-glancing hues along the gloom.
He stops—his visage overcast with woe:
And now his sombre eye, but erst so cold,
Seems lighten'd by the wildness of despair.
Hark! from his tongue the thrilling accents flow,
As horrors, deeper than the charnel, hold
The whole expanse of the arrested air.

SONNET.

SONNET.

THE SHADE OF HIS GRANDFATHER.

" AH! what avails that yon encircling wall
" Casts on these venerated groves its shade;
" If none but vulgar footsteps trace the glade;
" If not a ray from C——'s gentry fall
" Upon the pavement of the banner'd hall?
" Vain—vain the applauded efforts that I made,
" When W——'s power, too feeble to appal
" My patriotic spirit, I essay'd
" To found on C——'s weal, Montauban's fame!
" Alas! neglectful of his native clime,
" His patrimonial worth, his ancient name,
" Yon boy to low pursuits devotes his prime;
" Degenerate offspring! nor regards the shame
" That shall his memory blot, thro' future time!"

CANZONE.

HEREDITARY WORTH.

NOT that Montauban only fades
From the distressful eye! Alas! the shades
Of Trelowarren wave
Pale over ancient V——n's grave,
While Tamar scatters his torn tresses hoar
On the * white horse that neighs no more!
Yes! where Godolphin's soul is gone,
Or dim Lanhydroc's spirits moan,
V——n, to old renown for ever lost,
Haunts the funereal gloom, a feeble ghost!
Yet C——ll with delight surveys
Her honour'd B——t's undiminisht blaze,
While, rescuing from reproach the claims of birth,
Genius to glory gives hereditary worth!

* The crest of V——n.

THE

THE

FLIGHT OF MONTAUBAN;

A

MOCK HEROIC POEM.

IN

THREE CANTOS.

THE

* FLIGHT OF MONTAUBAN, &c.

CANTO THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

1. *Invocation.*—2. *Montauban prepares to leave Clowdron, apprehensive of Vincent's return.*—3. *The genius of his family appears to Montauban, warns him to depart, and threatens some dreadful disaster, if he again visit Clowdron, without a wife.*

O Muse, who Blackmore's fancies wont to weave
Oft as the knight his Arthur's prowess told;
Bidding Sir Richard's heart with transport heave,
Whether he sung, by inspiration bold,
His epic lays to wheels that rumbling roll'd,
Or tun'd them to the more sonorous trump;
Come, muse, thy genuine exstasies unfold,
As I would raise a youth upon his rump
Dishonour'd in the dust and bruis'd by many a thump.

* The Baronet's shameful seduction of Miss *Julia* V. is now the subject of general conversation. *Vincent* was engaged

WHERE wave the groves of *Clowdron* to attract
The traveller that o'er downs his path had trac'd,
A *Baronet*, by chilling fear attackt,
In vain the phantom from his bosom chas'd—
Ah! long by folly and by vice debas'd!
Yet his last action wore the darkest dye;
While *Vincent*, hurried o'er the watery waste,
And lo! the avenger of the crime, drew nigh,
To meet of *Julia* lost the shame-retorted eye.

engaged to his cousin Miss V——. Vincent had observed the Baronet's attentions to the Lady, and in the presence of several respectable gentlemen, charged him with dishonourable views. Sir J. *solemnly* disclaimed all such. In consequence of this, V. set off in fancied security for Jamaica, whither business led him. In his absence, Sir J. renewed his attack, and debauched the Lady. Vincent, returning, vowed vengeance; which so terrified Sir J. that he fled with precipitation from his native seat. His departure gave rise to these Cantos.

"O!

" O! if I linger here (he cries) I see
" Resentment point the sword, with threat-
'ning mien!
" But cowards only fly: ah, woe is me!
" Alas! 'twere better I had never been!"
He said: and, as he ey'd the embroider'd
screen,
Saw many a mote fast-twinkling to the light.
His sighs of interjection, now I ween
Deepen'd to doleful groans, oppress'd the
wight—
The screen began to dance, and mists ob-
scur'd his sight.

Certes, his worship had a fainting-fit—
It was a fit, yclept hysterical:
But a spruce stripling, who his humour hit,
And, whether good or evil might befal,
Was ever pleas'd to loiter at the hall,
The breakfast-parlour, or the stable-door,
Just enter'd as he swoon'd; and, with a
squall
Exclaim'd: " My master—sunk upon the
floor"—
Cheer'd at the well-known voice, he op'd
his eyes once more.

" Alas!"

" Alas!" (he ſaid) his breath recovering quick,
" That demon of a priest will soon be home!
" O in what country shall I wander, Dick?
" A wretched outcast, it is mine to roam
" Far from these walls that round my falling dome
" Stretch their broad shade, magnificently vain!
" Yet Julia tells me, it would ill become
" My rank, to travel but with all my train:
" Go, to the fells," she says, " a route of pleasure feign."

" With such a power of money—such a mint,
" Why should your honour droop, a prey to care?
" If your poor varlet may presume to hint
" His thoughts on so momentous an affair,
" I would not for a tedious route prepare,
" But on this fine estate in quiet rest:
" The crusty parson, sure, will never dare
" On your own grounds your worship to molest—
" No—should he come at all, he'll come a sneaking guest."

His

His Lord assenting with a languid air,
The boy bade rosy essences exhale
Their sweets, and pour'd the golden capillaire
To bring back spirit to those features pale;
Then glided off, to breathe the eventful tale
Into the bosom of his dairy-girl;
For whom, at morn and eve he bore the pail,
For whom the cleanly churn he lov'd to whirl,
Prizing his damsel more than Baronet or Earl.

And now the chesnut shadows of the park
Were deepen'd by full splendours from the moon;
And the brisk fayes their circlets 'gan to mark,
Glancing their nimble feet, at night's still noon;
When sad *Montauban* trod his long saloon,
And in the room within invok'd the aid
Of sleep, to Baronets no ready boon:
Yet to his closing eyes, a shape array'd
By fancy's magic hand, was airily display'd.

Methought,

Methought, a stately form descending, shone;
His shield Montauban's blazon'd arms: a vest,
Gold-streaming, o'er his limbs was loosely thrown,
While on his helmet beam'd Montauban's crest.
And thus the genius, in high tone, address'd
The conscious youth, as glow'd his pillow'd cheek:
"Ignoble boy! by no vain fears distrest,
"Know, those who dare the laws of honour break,
"Like thee, from self-contempt a refuge vainly seek.

"Fly—nor again these shades by lechery blast!
"Too long the race of lewdness hast thou run.
"Alas! thy fathers, among heroes class'd,
"Would view with blushes their degenerate son!
"Alas! thy grandsire who of glory won
"The meed, thy baseness would indignant spurn!
"Fly—tho' the sting of guilt thou cans't not shun.
"Yet hear: *without a bride* if thou return,
"Urg'd by my wrath, those lips shall curse their native bourne."

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

CANTO

CANTO THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

1. *The departure of Montauban and Julia.*—2. *Dick, the Baronet's favourite domestic, distrest at leaving the Dairy-maid his sweetheart, had, in the mean time, invoked the assistance of the Fairies, to frustrate the journey.*—3. *The machinations of the Fairies, with this design.*

WHILE at the frowning vision of the night
The members of the wan Montauban shook;
Twas chief the parting menace of the sprite
His nerves as with a numbing palsy struck:
E'en from his childhood he could never brook
The image of the matrimonial noose.
"Alas! in vain for happiness they look
(He deem'd) the gift of being who abuse,
"While linkt by wedlock's ties yet led by different views."

" But I depart"—when, pulling wild the bell,
The wire yet tingled at the boy's approach—
" Go, Sir; within an hour the coachman tell
" He must be ready with my travelling-coach.
" Go, Dick; nor more thy silly notions broach,
" As if retirement could my follies hide.
" No! rather like a felon may I poach
" For hares, or by the nuptial bonds be tied,
" Than in these secret groves a skulking wretch abide."

Prancing before the dome with wanton hoof,
Erelong the steeds caparison'd appear'd;
And sudden, expectation all aloof,
To the quick opening of the carriage rear'd,
And brush'd their bums, as Julia's self was heard
Dancing along the oriel on light toe:
Then, while his menials simper'd, whin'd, or sneer'd,
Bending his limber body like a bow,
With Julia he leap'd in, and grinn'd on all below.

Roll'd

Roll'd off the gorgeous carriage gilded o'er:
Its crimson hammercloth superbly stream'd;
Eight silver liveries in array before,
And in the rear, eight silver liveries gleam'd.
Charm'd with the sumptuous equipage that flam'd
To Julia's blush, her eye new pleasure glanc'd:
Now, flying all abroad, the fair one seem'd
To mount on dissipation's wing, now danc'd
To joy; and now, more calm, she sat as one entranc'd.

Then with a sudden transport she embrac'd
Her Lord, as starting from her dark-brown hair
A beauteous ringlet wander'd down her waist.
And, "Whither are we driving?" cries the fair:
And, wincing with a most fastidious air
The ostrich of her hat that wildly shakes,
"If it be mine your confidence to share,
"Disperse your sullenness for both our sakes;
"Pray tell me, if you mean a visit to the Lakes?"

Still musing, his eye glances o'er his rings
Of brilliance, to the pink rosettes that glow
On each sharp shoe; while tied with silken strings
His muslin trowsers, and the plumes that flow
From airy cap, proclaim the child of show;
While, as a fan of feathers trembles oft,
A nosegay of the faintest flowers that blow
Rests on a ribbon—since a heart so soft
Might rue the oppressive load, if chance his worship cough'd.

Meantime, had Dick, ill able to support
The thoughts of absence from his dairy-maid,
Began the assistance of a witch to court—
A witch who long had exercis'd her trade,
In a dark hut beside an osier shade.
The mumbling crone replied: "For comely Sue
"Go seek the *Fairies*, and implore their aid:
"Tho' oft they pinch the slattern black and blue,
"No anger from a fay shall tidy Susan rue."

The varlet strait invok'd each dapper elf,
That to his dairy-damsel wont repair,
And ranging o'er the creampan loaded shelf,
Claim of the luscious junket a large share.
But chief, to royal *Mab* he breath'd the prayer,
That she would thwart their journey by ill-luck;
Bidding young *Will-o-wisp* with mimic glare,
What time in stiffen'd clay the wheels were stuck,
His silly master lure, and in a horsepond duck.

Strait *Puck*, obedient to his Queen's behest,
On frolic pinion sought the noisome swamp,
Where among frogs and evets loves to rest
Gay *Will-o-wisp*, and breathing aguish damp,
Oft hangs the steady lustre of his lamp
O'er treacherous bog, to cheat the horseman's eyes,
Or bid the steed its bit in terror champ;
While all around condensing vapours rise,
As with one cloud of pitch to smother earth and skies.

Full soon, amid his rambles, playful *Puck*
Met *Will-o-wisp*, emerging from a fen;
And, "Come (he cries) 'tis *Mab* commands, my buck!
"Come from these ruſhes to the haunts of men:
"But let us first approach the chasmed den
"Of *Cramp*, who slumbers till the dewy fall
"Of night, in some old shaft of yonder glen;
"And, also, on the foul fiend's sister call,
"Her, whose red mane and hoof the dreaming maid appal."

Away flew *Puck* and *Will*, to seek the shaft
Where *Cramp* was laid. A fine mercurial rod *
The Fairy waves; and strait with tiny craft,
Discovers of the fiend the dark abode.
There murky silence marks the exhausted lode
Of copper, that in many a ruddy streak
Had once amid the gloomy fissures glow'd:
There silver-gray, cobaltic branches break,
And dash the deep below, a vitriolic lake.

* A little virgula divinatoria of hazel, saturated with mercury.

There

There on the backs of swallows that had clung
In deadly torpor, shrivel'd up he lies;
When by the hazel touch'd, the pigmy sprung
Into a monster of enormous size;
Then shrunk into himself in agonies!
Now, as all muscle, he appear'd to strain
His limbs, and look'd as if his bursting eyes
Within their sockets he could scarce contain,
Now hiccup'd hoarse, and laugh'd, and hiccup'd hoarse again.

Next, in a blue slate cavern, *Puck* and *Will*
Found *Nightmare*, who up-prick'd each shagged ear,
And with her rattling hoofs bade echo fill
Her dungeon, as she view'd the Fay draw near,
And hail'd the fiery Fatuus, her compeer
In merry mischief, sad indeed to some!
"Say (cries the Goblin, with a Satyr's leer)
"Good cousin *Puck* and *Wisp*, say whence you come?
"Certes, to press the maids *Mab* orders out my bum!"

Soon as the oaf could comprehend the affair,
She stretch'd her limbs; when out flew many a bat
That slept between her leathern breasts, and there
Oft drew her paps like any human brat,
Or fann'd her on her hairy buttock squat;
Spreading their skinny pinions of tann'd hue:
Then, ruminating as the monster sat,
She would collect her cavern's dripping dew,
Mix'd with the juice distill'd from cypress and from yew.

Now, as high business summon'd her abroad,
She with those dark ingredients quickly whips
The froth up, from a sickly-swelling toad,
And adds the pois'nous humour that oft drips
In madness from a gasping beagle's lips,
And mixes all, in a green oyster-shell;
Then in the venom shakes her mane, and dips
Her hoof; erelong to issue from her cell
Performing wond'rous feats which soon my muse shall tell.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

CANTO.

CANTO THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

1. *The Fairies begin their work.—The horses frightened—The carriage broken—Montauban and Dick, wandering over the moor, are misled by Will-o-wisp—After their night adventures, they are conducted to the inn, where the horses and carriage are laid up.*—2. *Here Montauban meets Julia and proposes to return to Clowdron—Julia is greatly averse to the scheme.*—3. *In the night Montauban and Julia are disturbed by the cramp and nightmare—Julia has a pleasant morning dream—Consents to return to Clowdron, in case Montauban engage to realize it—He engages—Julia is his wife.*

AND now, along the road, with rapid whirl,
Thro' B— —n moors, of aspect drear, were roll'd
The silly Baronet, and eke his girl;
When with deep plunges that their tremor told,
As if by some o'erruling power controul'd,
The floundering steeds the carriage backward drove:
The Baronet, with consternation cold,
Jump'd out, and, not unmindful of his love,
Caught Julia in his arms descending like a dove.

Nor

Nor sooner had the pair their coach escap'd,
Than a dim radiance was at diſtance seen;
Now like the twinkling flame of taper shap'd,
Now gliding like a ball across the green.
"And see, my master, see that cottage-sheen!
(Says Dick) I'm in a transport at the sight!"
For Dick remember'd well the Fairy-queen.
"Indeed (he cries) in such a stormy night,
"I hail, as wond'rous kind, that hospitable light."

Lo, shivering to the moorland blast severe,
Montauban trembles; when, thro' lowly copſe
The kindling taper seems to re-appear:
Away with palpitating heart he hops;
Nor, urg'd by freakish Mab, a moment stops,
Till now he rambles to a deep morass,
And tottering, tumbles plump upon his chops.
"How are the mighty fall'n! (thought Dick) —alas!
"Sic * transit gloria mundi!" and—"Troy was!"

* An exclamation which Dick had often heard from gentlemen moralizing on his master's follies, as disgraceful to the Montauban family.

"Behold

" Behold the gaudy youth" (he might have said)
—The matter it was no great use to mince—
" Lies almost smother'd in a pixy-bed!
" He who, his rank and riches to evince
" Shines with an equipage to daze a prince!"
Yet, tho' so full of sapient saws was Dick,
He now began most dev'lishly to wince;
And, of his fairy correspondence sick,
Thought they had all commenc'd a journey to old Nick.

" I'm got into a most confounded scrape!
" Where's Julia and the coach? For God's-sake, help!
" Where, where is Julia? Fire! a rape! a rape!
" Oh! I am dying" (squeaks Montauban)
" whelp!
" What! hast thou nothing here to do but yelp?
" By Heavens! I am filthier than the groveling hog!
" My ruffles—they are black as any kelp!
" O Dick, thou art a moſt unlucky dog:
" But come, and draw me strait from this infernal bog."

Mean-

Meanwhile, poor Julia stood in wild surprize:
"Good Heaven! has frenzy fir'd Montauban's brain?"
An interposing mist from Julia's eyes
Had veil'd her lover: and she look'd in vain.
"Fly, fly, my friends!" (implor'd her plaintive strain)
"Nor let your master perish on the moor."
Dismounted at her word, the menial train
Began with cautious footsteps to explore
The waste, and groping wail'd their destiny full sore.

Now, rising to the radiance of the moon,
A hut appear'd beside a lowly bush;
Tho' as her orb had reach'd the heights of noon,
Not e'en a scanty ray from winking rush
Gleam'd on the lonely casement. All was hush,
Save the short shrill note, that from waken'd cur
Bade his pale cheek the deep carnation flush;
Since oft Sir John insisted, twas a slur
On Pitt, that a dog tax ſhould meet the least demur.

Yet,

Yet, tho' the snarler half essay'd to snap,
Dick heeded not such sneaking spite ignoble;
But at the wicket-gate began to rap,
And of his lungs to strain each lusty lobule,
In voice like *Stentor*, or his brother *Dobel*;*
When now, Sir John, a little cocker'd up,
Thought of the barn and hay-rick nigh Boscobel
Where good Prince Charles was forc'd to dine and sup
On buttermilk and bread, then kick'd the yelping pup.

Proud of the heroic deed, he strait halloo'd;
When shivering, a poor peasant op'd the casement;
And, as he heard their piteous story, view'd
The pilgrims with a glance of wild amazement;
And told them, "If a cow-house could give easement,
"There was a loft with straw and hay hard by."
Sir John, half-swooning at the sore debasement,
From his distressful bosom heav'd a sigh,
And to the wandering moon address'd the tearful eye.

* A labouring-man, in the neighbourhood of Clowdron, remarkable for his Stentorian lungs.

"I see

" I see the coach" (the Baronet exclaim'd)
Dick scamper'd round with no fictitious joy,
As to his eye the gaudy gilding flam'd:
Away *Montauban*—away ran the boy.
But ah! more brittle than an infant's toy,
The coach to atoms fell, by Fairy made!
And lo! with new distresses to annoy
Their minds, the moon no more vouchsaf'd her aid,
But to the gathering gloom their dubious feet betray'd.

Ah! never was a desolated wight
More wretched than forlorn Montauban was:
And Dick now mutter'd curses on the sprite
Who had reduc'd them both to such a pass:
" Besure, for Susan's sake, the daintiest lass,
" I would be kill'd * a little—This is hell"—
But see yon clouds, tho lin'd with lurid brass,
Not as with silver edg'd, the daybreak tell:
The morn tho' dark with storm, dissolves the Fairy spell.

* Alluding to the late Dr. Vansittart's facetious lines:

Upon a trussel pig was laid;
And a sad squeaking, sure, he made.
* * * * * * * * *
" Fed with abundance of good victual,
" Won't you be *cut and kill'd a little?*" &c. &c.

The Author does not recollect the lines accurately.—They are well known; and it is likely, were printed in the Gentleman's Magazine.

Tho'

Tho' opening to his view a dismal sight,
The Baronet with transport hail'd the dawn;
Nor ever with such exquisite delight
Survey'd the morning kindling up his lawn,
And purpling his rich woods so finely drawn
In gradual windings thro' the long long dale!
And Dick too, more at ease, began to yawn,
Then scamper'd at the idea of his tale
To buxom Susan told, o'er high-froth'd horn
of ale.

Nor sooner had the dainty notion struck
His pericranium, than the varlet spied
Wild staring round, as if to run a muck
At all he met, a comrade strangely pied—
Ah! foul-befal those imps that mar the pride
Of liveried station, by such dirty tricks!
Bemir'd and dripping, at Montauban's side
He stood, as if a messenger from Styx:
"Where—where (cries eager Dick) say,
where's our coach and six?"

"And

" And, Julia?" says Sir John—his tongue refus'd
Faultering to speak. " At Five-Lanes, in whole skin.
" But, please your worship, I am sadly bruis'd:
" Sure, night so terrible was never seen.
" Before our broken carriage reach'd the inn,
" Miss Julia bade me go your honour track!
" And see with mud I'm cover'd to the chin!
" And, tumbling on my belly and my back,
" As by the pixies pinch'd, my body is coal-black."

Erelong Montauban, by a smoaking flood
Sore drencht (as if the Fay's nocturnal thumps
Were fillips only, to *his* flesh and blood)
Met Julia in the sullens, or the dumps.
His steeds were lam'd, and motionless as stumps:
His coach he found with fractur'd axletree.
" Lord, Lord, Sir John, what meant those antic jumps?
" For ne'er by merry andrew did I see
" Such capers cut before, as erst were cut by thee."

Now

Now gr[illegible]dily her chocolate so thick
Miss Julia, like another Venus *, drank:
But poor Montauban, of night-frolics sick,
Exhibited a countenance more blank
Than Quixotte's self, with locks descending lank.
At length he cried, " I'm well convinc'd, no less
" Than some o'erruling fiend, with malice rank,
" Involves us in this singular distress:
" And how we hence shall move, no mortal wight can guess.

" Suppose we hire a carriage, and return?"
" What, with a hook (cries Julia) in thy nose?
" No—never dream of Clowdron; there to mourn
" In silence and obscurity thy woes;
" Or, if a haunch some guests attract, expose
" Montauban to the secret scorn of all.
" No—rather let us meet infernal foes,
" Where on our heads their direst wrath may fall,
" Than, Clowdron, see, so soon, thy melancholy wall."

* Hauserunt avide Chocolatam Flora Venusque.
COWLEY.

Sir John, by Julia's reasoning unconvinc'd,
Swore he would not go east, a single rood:
When Julia toss'd her head about, and winc'd;
Said, it was "too much for poor flesh and blood;"
And with a cup of chocolate made good
Her dictum, as she dash'd it in his face.
Sir John, half-damning, the disaster rued,
While big round drops each other 'gan to chase;
And wip'd the tawny tears with many a wry grimace.

The Baronet now saw, in doleful dumps,
Of his rich morsel but the tasteless husk!
And, as they both repos'd upon their rumps,
Self-doom'd to silence, Julia, ere the dusk,
Had from her stays, so playful! pull'd the busk,
And poor Sir John his watch-chain had wrench'd off.
And now, the shades of evening all subfusk,
Their sulky fit had lasted long enough;
When both essay'd to speak, yet only forc'd a cough.

"Suppose

"Suppose (Montauban mutters) of our route
"We wave all converse till to-morrow's morn?"
Julia, no more, it seems, dispos'd to pout,
Or twirl about her busk, like one forlorn,
Dropt a few "pearly * tremblers" to adorn
Her cheeks—in plainer verse—some tears she shed:
"And come, my dear Sir John; for spirits worn
"Like ours, the sweetest remedy (she said
And heav'd a gentle sigh)—"the balmiest is a bed."

Not long had the luxurious pair enjoy'd
Miss Julia's balmy remedy so sweet;
When suddenly jump'd up Sir John annoy'd
By numbness at the extremer parts, like sleet.
Then, in an agony, he kickt the sheet:
And "O! (he utter'd) not a cataplasm
"Could ease the infernal torment of my feet—"
While grinn'd invisible the god of spasm,
Then sought, his errand o'er, his torpour-brooding chasm.

* In the language of Della Crusca, a tear is a "liquid pearl," or a "pearly trembler."

Scarce was his godship gone, before that imp
Of mischievous emprize *Nightmare* yclept,
Certes, not imitating Vulcan's limp,
But aping the mercurial graces, leapt
Upon the yielding down where Julia slept;
And shook the sacking with a gamesome jerk:
Then, gently on her belly as he crept,
He ey'd the fair-one with a hideous smirk,
And, half-relenting, cried, "Ah Mab! 'tis cruel work!"

Deep fever'd blushes ting'd her lovely face:
Her mouth half open'd to the damps of night:
Her bosom, panting with disorder'd grace,
Heav'd its blue veins and glow'd with rosy light.
Loose were her shadowy tresses. Snowy-white
Her right hand, backward thrown, sustain'd her head
That seem'd to throb with anguish; when the sprite
Shook o'er her breast his mane of dingy red,
And rais'd his poison'd hoof, and all its venom shed.

Quiver'd

Quiver'd as in paralysis her limbs,
While choakt with suffocative sighs she lay:
And lo! as in the dews of death she swims,
She tries to scream with many a vain essay;
And starts from ghastly forms in chill dismay!
At length she moans, and utters a low shriek:
When, as she seems to feel a lump of clay
From her breast tumbling, tremulously weak,
Scarce can she lift her hand, to touch her burning cheek.

Such were the troubled feelings of the pair
Assail'd by ghastly phantoms of the shade;
Till *Puck* across the eyelids of the fair
In all the cool repose of slumber laid,
A dream of such a tender sort pourtray'd,
As meets full oft the grey dawn's kindling hue:
It was a dream that every care repaid:
And morning-dreams, as poets think, are true.
Then gently she awoke, and strait the curtain drew.

" Sir John" (she cried)—He now began to
stir—
" I've dreamt a pleasing dream I long to
tell;
" And, if you'll realize it, I aver
" That, in the groves of *Clowdron* fond to
dwell,
" Each evil from your person I'll repel,
" And sweeten with the gentlest balms your
life!"

Sir John assenting—" Now I know full well,
(She cries) " there is an end to bitter strife;
" All harmony be ours! for *Julia* is your—
wife!"

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THE END.